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An Indictment

Chicago

To the Editor: David French's article (May 19, 1967) is a shocking indictment of the leadership of America's industrial capital. The position taken by Pope Paul in his recent encyclicals is certainly borne out fully. If French is right, obviously the *Wall Street Journal* doesn't know what it is talking about.

MATHEW AHMANN
Executive Director
National Catholic
Conference for
Interracial Justice

Public Accountings

Vienna, Va.

To the Editors: In "News and Views" (May 5), speaking of the way in which religious orders are being "flinched by sharpsters" (in my book, they are being *fleeced*, rather than *flinched*, unless they are sea-going mammals) you move that there be "regular, public accountings." I gladly second the motion. *America*, in its department, "Of Many Things," (April 29) expresses concern over the ridiculous imputations of financial holdings of the Jesuits, cited by Bishop Pike out of *Der Spiegel*. If valid public accountings were available, such charges as these, and those made last year against the Propagation of the Faith, would be ineffectual. Please continue your effort to secure full periodic accounting to the public from religious orders, missionary societies and the hierarchy.

KENTON KILMER

The Bishop Route

Baker, Oregon

To the Editors: In perusing the Letter to the Editors ("Less Secrecy," April 28) I find the following: "... Today more ordinaries arrive at their eventual sees by the auxiliary-bishop route. Since these, for the most part, seem to be choices of their respective ordinaries, (Continued on page 351)

CHALLENGES OF DELINQUENCY

The Supreme Court decision on the rights of juveniles charged with delinquent behavior was an obvious ruling on a case so patently miscarried that, on quick glance, it seemed an imposition to have troubled the highest court in the land with it. Chief Judge David L. Bazelon of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit said weeks before the decision was handed down that "probably not a single justice of the peace in this country would permit an adult to be convicted in such a proceeding" as experienced by Gerald Gault. The case was that clear . . . But it still merited formal hearing by the Supreme Court.

For, apart from righting an inequity in a specific case, the Gault decision provided the Supreme Court opportunity to challenge a juridical system which, however well-intentioned, was quaint rather than effective and, for the most part, only accidentally constitutional.

The times and justice demand new approaches in the handling of juvenile delinquency. With this as an accurate supposition, the Court proceeded to lay down legal rules and sketch sociological considerations that must be incorporated into procedure if the law of the land is to be fulfilled and if all our youth are to move gracefully into adult society.

The task, however, is more than one of rewriting rules and discarding archaic methods and extralegal tactics. It is a task of reforming a system from top to bottom, beginning with qualification requirements of those who sit on the juvenile court bench. Presently about half the nation's juvenile court judges have no undergraduate degree, a fifth have no college education, and a fifth are not members of the bar. How much one can reasonably expect from a court system with that as a starter is a sobering consideration. In too many cities the juvenile court bench is used as one of repose for superannuated political hacks and hangers-on of various sorts. The public tolerates this, then puzzles over the high percentage of delinquency repeaters. Fault, obviously, lies not entirely with the youngsters.

Of course, not all of the nation's 3,000 juvenile courts are open to this criticism or to the criticisms stated with blunt explicitness by Justice Abe Fortas in his majority decision in the Gault case. New York, California, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia take their juvenile

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court systems seriously, both with regard to the quality of judges and the protective rights now insisted upon for juveniles who come before the court. But even those who are doing much are deluding themselves if they believe they are doing enough; and those who are doing little or less are acting irresponsibly at the expense of the community and the generations coming along.

An initial complicating factor to changing the situation is that the public has never been particularly interested in the state of its juvenile courts. A sentiment has prevailed, perhaps unconsciously, that these courts would not exist, except for trouble-makers and undesirables, who therefore deserve the fate of a system that might be less than perfect. A consequence is that juvenile courts are strapped with handicaps that an interested public could render less than inevitable—such as too few judges, staff shortages, insufficient administrative and detention facilities, and unsympathetic budgetary officials in local governments. (Only three judges were available last year in Washington, D.C., to hear 10,000 delinquency cases. Western Pennsylvania's Allegheny County, with a population of 1.5 million, had until two years ago but one judge to handle the 5,000 referrals that come annually to its juvenile court; now it has two and could use double the number.)

The point is that communities of the United States must shake off indifference to juvenile courts and their welfare. At the same time there must be a keener public concern for delinquents as individuals, if only out of the selfish realization that proper care today may eliminate many social headaches tomorrow.

It is unfair to say that the range of juvenile problems is so vast and care so complicated that one can hope to cope with only so much through a juvenile court system. The approach is defeatist and smacks of traditional rationalization on the subject. As Justice Fortas argued in the Gault decision, the traditional rationale is as dead as the turn-of-the-century sociology in which it has its roots. What is needed is a new vision out of which will grow a radically new philosophy for the handling of juvenile delinquents.

If the Gault decision fails to inspire this and finds its limitation in the mere letter of the ruling, the message of the Supreme Court will have suffered a sad abridgement.

BACK TO THE DANCE

The Senate has once again been holding hearings on the high price of drugs, and as usual in such affairs the proceedings have been as stylized as classic ballet. There is, first of all, the standard-type liberal prosecution witness—in this case, William F. Haddad, president of a New York group called the Citizens Committee for Metropolitan Affairs.

If Mr. Haddad was playing a familiar role, he played it with conviction and passion. Appearing before a subcommittee of the Senate Select Committee on Small Business under Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, he charged that "inconceivable variances" prevailed on the prices that different American cities and private patients pay for identical drugs, with much depending on whether the drug in question is bought under a brand name or a generic name—a point later disputed by the American Medical Association.

Greed, Haddad charged, using an old-fashioned word, leads pharmaceutical concerns to "perpetuate the false and malicious argument that drugs sold under their generic names are unsafe." Successful propagation of this fallacy, he charged, makes the drug industry the highest profit industry in America.

As an example of what he had in mind, Mr. Haddad named New York, which buys almost all its drugs under generic rather than brand names. As a result, a recent survey cited by Mr. Haddad shows that Atlanta pays forty times more for exactly the same drug as New York, and Boston and Florida's Dade County almost that much more. (The kind of money involved in these things may be seen by the fact that New York State spends over \$4 million annually on tranquilizing drugs alone.) Comparable examples were cited involving other drugs and other cities.

In short, by the time he had finished his testimony, Mr. Haddad had shown that he was, as far as we are concerned, a good guy, one of the fellows in the white hats, to stray from the ballet figure. He was then backed up by an ally, a witness who gave solid if not front-page backing to his charges, William R. Hutton, executive director of the National Council of Senior Citizens. According to Mr. Hutton, Americans 65 years old and older spend at least \$650 million a year on prescription drugs. Many have chronic ailments and need drugs on a regular basis; too many of them, he testified, must choose between having enough to eat and getting the medicine they need, and the prices of drugs continue to mount. Again it was suggested at this day's hearings that prescription by generic rather than by brand names would solve at least part of this problem.

So much for the early part of the performance. Then came the drug industry, performing to music left over by the American Medical Association after its fiasco over Medicare. Here the footwork gets a little fancy, but if we understand the steps, the drug industry position consists in denying the whole thing and in any case insisting that the pharmaceutical companies need the money. Leading off in this section, although on a different stage, was F. Markoe Rivinus, president of Smith, Kline and French Laboratories, a firm singled out for particular criticism before the Senate subcommittee by the Controller of the State of New York. In a speech prepared for a stockholders' meeting, Mr. Rivinus sprang no surprises:

drugs under generic rather than brand names, we really don't know. But then we always did have trouble understanding this particular art form; some of the movements and major characters simply baffle us. We know what we like, though; this time around, we'd like to be surprised by a distinctly different, boffo ending: corrective legislation that might just possibly save the drug industry from itself.

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For a few days in early April it looked as though a new *Kulturkampf* was about to begin in Germany. The state government of North Rhine-Westphalia proposed a school reform plan that would do away with part of the current state-supported denominational schools. The German hierarchy publicly protested the proposal shortly after it was announced; the Papal Nuncio pointed out the seriousness of the matter in a note to the German Foreign Office. Attempts to dampen the public controversy were quickly begun by the federal government, the Christian Democratic Party, and the Vatican. By mid-May a compromise emerged. Primary schools through the fourth year will remain under the present system; from the fifth to ninth years, state schools will be non-denominational.

To a foreign observer, such a string of reactions to a state school question may be puzzling. Especially since the 1949 post-war federal constitution placed education under the jurisdiction of the state rather than the federal government. For this reason there is no uniform school situation. In at least five of the eleven states and city-states non-denominational *Gemeinschaft* schools are the rule, and only Bavaria has the denominational *Bekennnis* school as the norm. However, the Federal Republic is still under obligation to treaties and laws which were made prior to its 1949 constitution, including the 1933 Reich's Concordat negotiated by Hitler's regime at a time when education came under national law.

The Reich's Concordat assured freedom of worship, the continued state support of Catholic schools and the collection of a percentage of state income taxes for the support of the Church. (Today, the salary of priests is covered by this act.) The Reich's Concordat guaranteed further the right of the state to make some effective recommendations on the occupation of bishoprics.

The school proposal of the coalition Social Democratic-Free Democratic (SPD-FDP) government of North Rhine-Westphalia was not the first, but the third law this year which called for a departure from state-supported *Bekanntnis* schools, the states of Baden, Wurttemberg and

Rhineland-Palatinate having enacted similar measures. All reflect the secularization taking place within German education. The suggested change from *Bekenntnis* to *Gemeinschaft* schools in North Rhine-Westphalia is part of a general school reform plan. The government expressed its willingness to provide substantial support to those schools which wish to remain denominational on a private basis. Protestant and Catholic religion courses would be taught in the new *Gemeinschaft* schools, but it would no longer be necessary under the new system for all teachers to be exclusively of one faith.

Today, most state teacher education institutes in North Rhine-Westphalia are either Protestant or Catholic, as is at least nominally the German population—51 percent Protestant, 44 percent Catholic. Future teachers who admit to being agnostic may have difficulties obtaining a post. I know of one case where an agnostic teacher, trained to teach German and history, was placed in a Catholic school and promptly assigned to teaching physical education and biology.

In each case of a proposed transformation from *Bekennntnis* to *Gemeinschaft* schools, the hierarchy has protested. As in the other states, the bishops of North Rhine-Westphalia flew to the defense of the state school system that supported nine years of Catholic education. The incensed bishops lamented that they had not been informed by the government of the new school plans. (The government, on the other hand, claimed to have informed the Church of each step.) The bishops not only called the government proposal illegal because of its disregard for the Reich's Concordat, but accused it of being contrary to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights as well, stating that it treads on the parents' rights to educate their children according to their faith.

In the days that followed other facts emerged. According to a public opinion survey, in spring, 1967, more Germans than ever (82 percent) favored the non-denominational *Gemeinschaft* school as opposed to the denominational *Bekenntnis* school. Eleven percent still supported the latter. Furthermore this survey revealed an especially marked change of opinion among Catholics

within the last four years. Where earlier (1963) a third of "practicing" Catholics favored separate education, the percentage has slipped to 22 percent of practicing Catholics in 1967. Yet currently in North Rhine-Westphalia, 54 percent of all primary school children are in Catholic schools and 18% in *Gemeinschaft* schools. Needless to say, the Protestants in this state favored a revision of the current situation, which, due to distance, forces a certain number of their children to attend Catholic schools.

The recent public opinion survey is particularly interesting in light of the bishops' argument concerning the parents' rights. In an open letter to the hierarchy, fifteen Catholic professors from Catholic teacher-training institutions touched just this point by challenging the bishops' right to speak for all Catholics. The professors' letter demanded to know where the battle line lies in this *Kulturkampf*: "... between a united Catholic front and an alleged enemy of the Church—the state government; or between 70 to 80 percent of the parents who want common schools and the more and more isolated Church officials. . . ." The professors went on to express the view that the bishops are the authorized teachers of the faithful in questions of faith, but that this authority does not extend to cultural and Church policy questions. They added that on this point each Catholic must decide for himself, an opinion which is probably widely held.

Almost two weeks later, the note from the Papal Nuncio to the Foreign Office, protesting the breach of the Reich's Concordat, was made public. It reminded the federal government that there was a question of an infringement of the Reich's Concordat, and that the government should influence the states to respect this treaty. The letter ended by stating that the Vatican did not doubt the government's awareness of the consequences of breaking an international treaty.

According to some, the Papal Nuncio's reference to the consequences of breaking the Concordat caused Bonn to fear that the Vatican might no longer feel bound by other aspects of the Concordat which Bonn considers very important: above all, the regulation of the boundaries of the bishoprics. In spite of the political changes since 1945, the legal boundaries of the 1937 German Reich are respected by the Vatican. This point has particular significance for certain areas of present-day Poland now without bishops' heading their dioceses.

The current political constellation added another factor to complicate the issue and finally held off any real change in the German school situation. The politicians here simply do not know whom to believe. In the past they listened when the Catholic hierarchy spoke knowing, or believing, that it would cost them votes with the people to take any stand that might conflict with the "Church." In many areas Catholics were warned for years against voting for the Social Democratic Party, and felt bound to vote CDU. In recent years there has been a slow evolution, the SPD has gained more votes, and the Church

has demonstrated less hostility toward it.

The SPD has also tried to avoid waving any red flags in areas that may be sensitive to Catholics. In 1965 the SPD state government of Lower Saxony even went so far as to sign a Concordat with the Vatican to guarantee state support of Catholic schools in this heavily Protestant area. The SPD has become stronger in Catholic North Rhine-Westphalia, and in Bavaria it governs the city of Munich with a Catholic SPD mayor. The SPD needs Catholic votes to gain a majority, and 44 percent of the West German population is Catholic.

It doesn't look as though there will be a general solution to the problem of the schools and the Concordat. For one reason, in post-conciliar Germany it is not too clear as to how much influence a strong hierarchical position could have on the Catholic vote. Should one believe the hierarchy or opinion polls showing the majority of Catholics favoring pluralistic schools? Certainly the fact of the "grand" coalition in Bonn will help to keep the issue from being too explosive. The two parties want to achieve a harmonious program and neither can afford a public struggle with the Catholic Church. There is an indication, as well, that the two major parties would like to see a "grand" coalition in the North Rhine-Westphalia state government, which helps explain the cooperation and compromise on the school question. Besides, SPD party chief and German foreign minister Willy Brandt can hardly allow his own party to cause him the embarrassment of breaking an international treaty, an event which could possibly have wider implications.

Presumably, an exchange of views on the possible evolution of the Concordat will take place between Chancellor Kiesinger and Paul VI at the occasion of the forthcoming Kiesinger journey to Rome for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Common Market. Officially, the federal government has stated that no changes in the Concordat are under consideration and that it is not of the opinion expressed by some that concordats are a thing of the past, but rather that they accomplish a task which could frequently not be done any other way. The government communiqué stated that a limitation of further discussion of the Concordat would be in the best interest of the Bundesrepublik.

An outsider is struck by the surprisingly small amount of public debate on the issue, and by the passivity of Catholics, aside from the 15 professors, with regard to the Church's defending itself on such legalistic grounds. Perhaps there will be a delayed reaction. Such loud hierarchical protests only remind one of the questionableness of the original agreement.

Here as elsewhere, if the bishops took seriously the parents' rights to choose the education of their children according to their own conscience, they would not be worried. But evidently the bishops felt *their* rights transgressed upon by the plans of the SPD-FDP coalition to bring the question to the people. CZARINA WILPERT

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE



Lo, the reluctant, confused dragon

RONALD STEEL

If the British empire, as Macaulay once said, was acquired in a fit of absent-mindedness, the American empire came into being by accident and has been maintained from a sense of benevolence. Nobody planned our empire. In fact nobody even wanted it. We are a people on whom the mantle of empire fits uneasily, and who are not particularly adept at running colonies. Yet by any conventional standards for judging such things, we are indeed an imperial power, possessed of an empire on which the sun truly never sets—a benevolent empire that embraces the entire western hemisphere, the world's two great oceans, and virtually all of the Eurasian land mass that is not in communist hands.

Most of us probably do not even realize the magnitude of our power and the extent of our influence. We are the strongest and most politically active nation in the world. Our impact reaches everywhere and affects everything it touches. We have the capacity to destroy whole societies and rebuild them, to topple governments and create others, to impede social change or to stimulate it, to protect our friends and devastate those who oppose us. We have a capacity for action, and a restless, driving compulsion to exercise it, such as the world has never seen. We have a technology that is the wonder of the world, an energy that compels us to challenge the obdurate forces of man and nature, and an affluence that could support whole nations with its waste. We also have a taunting insecurity that makes it difficult for us to accept the limitations of our own remarkable power.

Although our adventure in empire-building began by accident, it could not have occurred at all had it not ap-

pealed to a deep-rooted instinct in our national character—an instinct to help those less fortunate and permit them to emulate and perhaps one day achieve the virtues of our own society. There was nothing arrogant in this attitude; indeed, it was heavily tinged with altruism. But it did rest upon the belief that it was America's role to make the world a happier, more orderly place—one more nearly reflecting our own image. We saw this as a special responsibility which fate had thrust upon us. Standing alone as the defender of Europe, the guardian of Latin America, the protector of weak and dependent nations released from the bondage of colonialism; possessing the mightiest military force in history, an economy productive beyond anything man has known, and a standard of living the envy of the world—it is not surprising that we should have been persuaded of the universal validity of our institutions, and of our obligation to help those threatened by disorder, aggression and poverty.

We acquired our accidental empire, and have maintained—and ever expanded—it because we found ourselves engaged in a global struggle with an ideology. When we picked up the ruins of the German and Japanese empires in 1945, we discovered that we could not let them go without seeing them fall under the influence of our ideological adversaries. Struggling against communism, we tried to build a counter-empire of anti-communism. This counter-empire was built upon the idealism enshrined in the charter of the United Nations, the altruism exemplified by the Marshall Plan, the cautious improvisation of the Truman Doctrine, and the military arithmetic of the NATO pact. From there it spread to Korea and the Congo, to Pakistan and Vietnam, and to a hundred troubled spots where inequality bred grievances, disorder and instability. We came to see the world

RONALD STEEL is author of *Pax Americana*, from which this article is adapted. Copyright 1967 The Viking Press.

as a great stage on which we choreographed an inspiring design for peace, progress and prosperity. Through American interventionism—benignly where possible, in the form of foreign aid; surgically where necessary, in the form of American soldiers—we hoped to contain the evil forces from the East and provide a measure of hope and security for the rest of mankind. We engaged in a kind of welfare imperialism—empire-building for noble ends rather than for such base motives as profit and influence. We saw ourselves engaged, as Under Secretary of State George Ball declared shortly after we began bombing North Vietnam, in “something new and unique in world history—a role of world responsibility divorced from territorial or narrow national interests.”

We have not exploited our accidental empire. On the contrary, our empire has exploited us—making enormous drains on our resources and our energies. Ours has not been the most efficient or the most profitable of empires. But then, unlike most empires of the past, we did not acquire it for efficiency or profit. We acquired it because we believe we have a responsibility to defend nations everywhere against communism. This is not an imperial ambition. But it has led us to use imperial methods—military garrisons around the globe, subsidizing client governments and politicians, the application of economic sanctions and even military force against recalcitrant states, and a veritable army of colonial administrators working through such organizations as the State Department, the Agency for International Development, the US Information Agency, and the Central Intelligence Agency. We have lived with our empire for so long that we have come to take its institutions and its assumptions for granted. Indeed, this is the mark of a convinced imperial power. Its advocates never question the virtues of empire, although they may dispute over the way in which it is administered, and they do not for a moment doubt that it is in the best interests of those over whom it rules. A basically anti-colonial people, we tolerate, and even cherish, our empire because it seems so benevolent, so designed to serve those embraced by it.

Coagulants: Cash, Power, Blood

But, many will ask, have we not been generous with our clients and allies, sending them vast amounts of money, and even sacrificing the lives of our own soldiers on their behalf? Of course we have. But this is the role of an imperial power. If it is to enjoy influence and command obedience, it must be prepared to distribute some of its riches throughout its empire, and when necessary to fight

rival powers for the loyalty of vulnerable client states. Empires may be acquired by accident, but they can be held together only by cash, power and even blood. We learned this in Korea, in Berlin and in Cuba; and we are learning it again in Vietnam. Whatever the resolution of that tragic conflict, it has once again shattered the recurrent illusion that empires can be maintained on the cheap.



We have never conceived of ours as an empire. Rather, we have seen it as a responsibility incumbent upon us as leader of the “free world” to protect weaker nations against communism. This responsibility for the fate of others was, to some degree, dictated by our physical presence on every continent of the globe. The defeat of Nazi Germany and imperial Japan not only made us responsible for the welfare of our former enemies, but it drew us into the vacuum in Europe and Asia created by the collapse of their power. The vast perimeter of colonial and ex-colonial states offered such an enticing field for communist exploitation—and also for our own benevolent intervention. With the European colonial powers weakened and discredited, we were in a position to implement our long-standing sentiments of anti-colonialism. Opposed to the efforts of France, Britain and Holland to regain control of their Asian colonies, we actively encouraged the efforts of such nationalists as Nehru, Sukarno and Ho Chi Minh to win the independence of their countries.

However, once the war-weakened European powers finally did leave their colonies, we discovered that most of the newly-independent nations had neither the resources nor the ability to stand on their own. With a very few exceptions, they were untrained for independence and unable, or unwilling, to exercise it in ways we approved of. Having proclaimed self-determination as a moral principle valid on every continent and in every country, we found ourselves saddled with the responsibility for some of its consequences. Consequently, we stepped into the role left vacant by the departed European powers. In many of the new states we performed the tasks of an im-

**“carried away by the vocabulary of the cold war,
we sought to combat communism and preserve ‘freedom’”**

“what was less natural . . . was that we would permit ourselves to be manipulated”

perial power without enjoying the economic or territorial advantages of empire. We chose politicians, paid their salaries, subsidized national budgets, equipped and trained armies, built soccer stadiums and airports, and, where possible, instructed the new nations in the proper principles of foreign policy. We did this with good intentions: because we really did believe in self-determination for everybody as a guiding moral principle, and because we thought it was our obligation to help the less fortunate “modernize” their societies by making them more like ours. This was our welfare imperialism, and it found its roots in our most basic and generous national instincts.

But we also plunged into the economic primitiveness and political immaturity of the new nations because we saw them as a testing-ground in the struggle between freedom and communism: the cataclysmic duel that was to determine the fate of the world. Carried away by the vocabulary of the cold war, we sought to combat communism and preserve “freedom” in whatever area, however unpromising or unlikely, where the battle seemed to be joined. Confusing communism as a social doctrine with communism as a form of Soviet imperialism, we assumed that any advance of communist doctrine anywhere was an automatic gain for the Soviet Union. Thus we believed it essential to combat communism in any part of the globe, as though it were a direct threat to our security—even in cases where it was not allied to Soviet power. Our methods were foreign aid, military assistance and, where all else failed, our own soldiers.

But while this policy was a reasonable one in Europe, where there was a real threat of a Soviet take-over and where our allies shared our feelings about the danger facing them, it was not so reasonable throughout most of the ex-colonial world. There the ruling elites were not so much worried by communism as by the real or imagined “imperialism” of the Western powers. They were not particularly committed to our advocacy of free speech and democracy, having never experienced it themselves, and they were totally mystified by our praises of capitalism, which in their experience was associated with exploitation, bondage and misery. Insofar as they thought about communism at all, they could not help but be drawn to a doctrine to which the Western powers were so opposed. That in itself was a major recommendation.

Path Between East and West

Most of these new nations genuinely tried to keep out of the struggles among the great powers. They are anti-colonial (and therefore suspicious of the West) by train-

ing and instinct, but they also have not wanted to compromise their neutrality by too close an association with the communists. Insofar as communist doctrine has seemed to offer a solution to their problems of political authority and economic development, they have been receptive to it—as a doctrine. But where it has been allied with Soviet power, they have uniformly resisted it, because it represents a threat to their independence. Most of the new nations, therefore, have tried to tread a path between the conflicting demands of East and West. Some of them, of course, have been led by clever men who learned to take advantage of our phobias and turn them to their advantage. They found that a threat to “go communist” would usually win large infusions of American foreign aid funds, just as a threat to “join the imperialists” would inspire Russian counter-bribes. The twin doctrines of communism and anti-communism became tools by which they could secure outside help to build up their feeble economies and gain a larger voice in world affairs.

They cannot really be blamed for any of this. Being poor, it was natural that they would want to secure as much outside assistance as they could—and that they would play upon the anxieties of the great powers to do so. This served their interests and was thus a legitimate objective of their foreign policy. What was less natural, however, was that we would permit ourselves to be manipulated by those who had so little to offer us. We allowed this because we feared that the new nations would fall under the influence of communism. Just as they were inspired by sentiments of anti-colonialism, so we were inspired by an equally powerful belief in anti-communism. It provided the stimulus which led the United States to a massive post-war interventionism and to the creation of an empire that rests upon the pledge to use American military power to combat communism not only as a form of imperialism, but even as a social doctrine in the underdeveloped states. The foundation of this American empire can be traced back to the threat to Europe as it existed more than 20 years ago.

With Russian troops on the Elbe and with the governments of western Europe tottering under the strain of reconstruction, it seemed that only American power could halt the spread of communism. Consequently, the United States intervened to meet this new European danger: first with economic aid under the Marshall Plan, and then with direct military support under NATO. However, even before the Marshall Plan was announced and two years before the NATO pact was signed, the United States laid down the guidelines for its intervention in Europe—and ultimately throughout the world—in the Truman Doctrine

of March 12, 1947. Urging Congress to grant \$400 million to help the Greek royalists fight the communist rebels, and for the Turks to defend themselves against Russia, President Truman declared: "It must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressure."

While such military aid may have been necessary to prevent Greece and Turkey from falling into the communist camp, the language in which the Truman Doctrine was cast implied a commitment far beyond the Soviet threat to those nations. By a vocabulary which pledged the United States to oppose armed minorities and outside pressure, it involved us in the containment of an ideology. In so doing, it provided the rationale for a policy of global intervention against communism, even in areas where American security was not involved. While Truman argued that the United States could not permit communism to overturn the status quo by aggression or armed subversion, he nonetheless put the emphasis on economic assistance and self-help. And he assumed that such efforts would be made in conjunction with our allies. What he did not intend, at least at the time, was a unilateral American military intervention in support of client states threatened from within by communist-inspired insurgents.

The language of the Truman Doctrine was sweeping, but its application was limited. It grew into a policy of global interventionism only with the later acknowledgment of America's imperial responsibilities.

Extending the Monroe Doctrine

Historically speaking, the Truman Doctrine was essentially an extension of the Monroe Doctrine across the Atlantic to non-communist Europe. Just as the Monroe Doctrine was designed to maintain the 19th century balance of power between the New World and the Old, so its 20th century counterpart was meant to prevent communism from upsetting the political balance between East and West. Where the former used British seapower to serve the security interests of the United States, the latter used American economic and military power to protect non-communist Europe and thereby defend American interests. The implied limitations of the Truman Doctrine were, however, swept aside by the communist attack on South Korea and the resulting assumption that the Russians were prepared to resort to a policy of open aggression. The extension of the Truman doctrine to cover the Korean war set the stage for its expansion into a gen-

eral commitment to resist communism everywhere—not only by economic and military support, but by direct American military intervention where necessary. The alliances forged by Dulles were based upon this premise, and even the war in Vietnam is a logical corollary of the Truman Doctrine.

The old limitations of spheres of influence, treaty obligations and Congressional consent are apparently no longer relevant in cases where the President should deem it necessary to launch a military intervention. As Dean Rusk told a Senate committee: "No would-be aggressor should suppose that the absence of a defense treaty, Congressional declaration or US military presence grants immunity to aggression." As a hands-off warning by an imperial power, it is eminently logical. It does, however, take us into waters even a good deal deeper than those released by the Truman Doctrine. By indicating that the United States would not feel itself restricted even by the military treaties it has with more than 40 nations, the Secretary of State implicitly removed all inhibitions upon a presidential decision to intervene against communism wherever, whenever and however it is deemed necessary.

Behind the warning of Secretary Rusk lies the belief that American military power is so great that the old considerations of national interest—which confined a nation's military interventions to areas deemed vital to its security—are no longer necessary. The growth of American military power—the enormous array of weapons, the awesome nuclear deterrent, the largest peacetime standing army in our history, and an economy that dominates the world—has apparently convinced many in Washington that "the illusion of American omnipotence," in D. W. Brogan's famous phrase, may not be an illusion. The old feeling of being locked in a closet with Russia appears to have vanished and to have been replaced with the conviction that America alone has world responsibilities—that these are "unique in world history" and justify a policy of global interventionism. If this is not an illusion of omnipotence, it might at least be described as an intoxication of power.

Although we consciously seek no empire, we are experiencing all the frustrations and insecurities of an imperial power. Having assumed a position of world leadership, America has not been able to evolve a coherent conception of what it wants and what it may reasonably expect to attain in the world. It has not been able to relate its vision of a universal order on the American model to the more limited imperatives of its own national interests. It is a territorially satiated power, yet plagued by terrible insecurities over its global responsibilities, and even over

**“We are experiencing all the frustrations
and insecurities of an imperial power”**

“America has not evolved a coherent conception of what it wants and may reasonably expect”

its own identity. America has rejected the old tradition of abstinence and isolationism without having been able to find a new tradition that can bring its interests into line with its ideals.

One of the expressions of this insecurity has been the emergence of anti-communism *as an ideology* (rather than as a reaction to the imperial policies followed by the Soviet Union and other communist powers). This counter-ideology of anti-communism has been both internal and external, reflecting our anxieties about ourselves and about our position in the world at large. As an external anxiety, anti-communism arose from the frustrations of the early post-war period, and the disappointments of a terrible war which brought a terrible peace. To possess a military power unequalled in human history, to marshal an atomic arsenal capable of eradicating an enemy in a matter of hours, to have no conscious political ambitions other than to spread the virtues of American democracy to less fortunate peoples—to experience all this and still not be able to achieve more than stalemate in the cold war has been difficult for many Americans to accept. The transformation of adversaries into demons followed almost inevitably.

Anti-communism as an ideology was not only a response to stalemate abroad, but also to the insecurities of life at home, where traditional values had been uprooted. To those whose sense of security had been destroyed by the extreme mobility of American life, who felt threatened by the demands of racial minorities for equality, and who were humiliated by the impersonality of an increasingly bureaucratized society, anti-communism served as a focal point of discontent. It could not allay these anxieties, but it could explain them in a form that was acceptable to those who saw as many enemies within the gates as they did outside. The McCarthyism and the witch-hunts of the 1950s, which so debased American intellectual life and decimated the government, were a reaction to this insecurity: an act of self-exorcism by a people tormented by demons.

The Frustrations of Stalemate

Plagued by domestic anxieties and faced with external dangers that defy the traditional virtues of the American character—an ability to organize, to solve problems, to get things done by sustained energy and determination—the American people have been deeply shaken throughout the whole postwar period. They have had to accept the frustrations of stalemate with Soviet Russia and learn to live in the shadow of atomic annihilation, where the

very survival of America is threatened for the first time in its history. This is a condition which, after the traumas of the 1950s, we have now learned to accept with resignation, and even with a certain equanimity. But it is one which breeds deep-rooted anxieties of the kind expressed on the radical right.

America has found it difficult to bring its political desires into line with its real needs. We think of solving problems rather than of living with them, and we find compromise an unnatural alternative to “victory.”



We have fought every war on the assumption that it was the final war that would usher in universal peace. We believed that every adversary was the architect of a global conspiracy, and that once he was overcome there would be “no more war.” But every time we overcame an adversary, conflict continued, and we found ourselves confronted with a new adversary to take his place. The change of adversaries has not persuaded us to reexamine the theory, and we still remain chained to the belief in a global conspiracy (now directed from Peking) and the war to end all wars (now being decided in the jungles of Vietnam). We have become the victims of our own mythology: the mythology of American omnipotence, and the mythology of a global communist conspiracy. In combination they have made it exceedingly difficult for us to evolve a foreign policy responsive to the real world we live in.

We are in an age of nationalism, in which both communism and capitalism are ceasing to be ideologically significant, and in which the preoccupations of our diplomacy are often irrelevant. The last of the ideologues, we are clinging to political assumptions that have been buried by changing time and circumstance—a nation possessed of an empire it did not want, does not know how to administer, and fears to relinquish. We live in a time of dying ideologies and obsolete slogans, where much of what we have taken for granted is now outdated, and where even the political condition that has dominated our lives—the cold war—may now be over.

THE MEDIUM IS ABSURD



Are they really nunny bunnies?

SISTER DOLORES MARIE BURTON, S.N.D.



In the current concern for communications that has produced Mr. McLuhan's apparently infinitely applicable insight that the medium is the message, I have been reflecting upon the semeiotic value of religious community in an effort to determine what message we religious convey to the world community and what medium conveys that message. I am aware of the critiques offered by laymen that we are scared little women, or, as one Belgian Jesuit put it, phonesthemically, that we are naive nunny bunnies. (The connotations of the word *bunny* in these days are not so far removed from those that *nunnery* had when Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*, but this reverse image is by no means impertinent, and having escaped the charge of naiveté by pointing out the implications of the expression *nunny bunny*, I will postpone further comment.) I understand that the experience of some who have dealt with nuns justifies criticism, and that the training of some religious explains a censurable situation. But surely the negative image and the factors that created it have been sufficiently aired in the public press, and I would like to offer some tentative thinking about a new image in an effort to close the credibility gap between our professed values and our observed behavior.

These views took shape last year when I found myself enjoying on St. Davy's Day a lunch of leeks with two non-Catholic friends at the University of London Union. We were all studying linguistics at University College. My companions had been, respectively, members of the WRENS and WAVES in the second world war, so in addition to leeks and linguistics we shared the experience of wearing a uniform. Our discussion arose from my then enthusiastic prediction that religious would one day soon replace their habits with ordinary dress. Both women

looked surprised, and one said, "But then you will eventually disintegrate as a group."

I had always thought of vows as the chief source of community identity, but I could not then explain to myself or them my conviction. I mentally reviewed the teaching on the vows: notions about double merit, permanent consecration, giving the whole tree instead of the fruit, seemed all to be unsatisfactory. I wanted to say that vows sanctified me and my work, but my theology, largely old-fashioned Thomism, but *good* old-fashioned Thomism, reminded me that charity sufficed for sanctity with or without vows. All men are called to holiness; all Christians must practice the evangelical counsels. Why, then, does the Church recognize a special state of life according to vows?

Karl Rahner, in one of the few post-Conciliar statements on religious life, suggests that vows offer a unique manifestation of faith. The apostolic works of religious orders accept the world as something to be sanctified. Such activity makes sense without faith. The vows, however, renounce certain positive values so that in them, in Rahner's words, "the specific note of faith as the acceptance of God's transcendent grace is the *sole thing manifest*." The communal living of the vows is a sign of the Church's faith. Most signs have no connection with what they signify, but vows are non-arbitrary signs. The witness to faith and the image that conveys it are therefore related and they require obvious articulation. A poor image can hamper witness in two ways: when it is negative (a Sister Gorgonia witnesses to a heaven that makes the average Huck Finn prefer hell); or when the image is inadequate to mediate the witness because it takes no cognizance of contemporary epistemology. The vowed 'state' and daily living are conflated by the existentialist thrust of modern perception: the medium has become the message; the image is the witness. Per-

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haps people 'ought' to look beyond the image to the witness, but they do not. Between the vows and daily living a process of translation and communication must take place if the sign is to be intelligibly related to the witness it gives.

The necessary de-emphasis of the external in religious life poses a danger of forgetting that Christian spirituality operates in visible media. I hear religious shy away from *de facto* poverty by insisting that poverty of spirit is more important than 'mere' economic poverty which, they argue, shows a legalistic concept of the vow. I hear that middle class children are spiritually, intellectually and physically poor and so need our service as much as the economically poor. (Unfortunately, the economically poor suffer the analogous modes of poverty as well and so may need us more.) Religious poverty must be defined as the world sees poverty: *de facto* and not metaphorically. Without making clear to the poor a dedication that does not seek its own aggrandizement, we will never merit their trust; nor can we hope to develop in middle class students genuine social concern for the poor if they can say to us as they now do: you can't talk because you have everything you need given to you. A major hindrance to the witness of poverty is the economic security given the individual religious by her congregation and the fact that obligations to communally owned institutions may prevent her moving into the world community where and when the need is greatest.

Still, with patient observation of the signs of the times and readiness to seize the day, some religious have begun to acquire this mobility. Last June in Boston a Catholic high school closed its doors permanently on a graduating class of 26 girls. Today the property, consisting of convent and school and located in a racially balanced section of Negro Roxbury, is a non-denominational complex designed to respond to neighborhood needs. Staffed by lay people and nuns of four different orders, Hawthorne House is not an autonomous service given by nuns to Catholics, but a community of laity and religious who seek to reinforce existing social and educational service institutions as well as to plan experimental forms of service. While college students tutored kids in an Upward Bound program and adults attended an urban planning lecture series, two Sisters took part in an NDEA Institute on Disadvantaged Youth at Tufts University and others worked with the Human Rights Commission to overcome prejudice in nearby white parishes where backlash is strong. The nuns are poor in fact, living from day to day on whatever money turns up. More importantly, they risk a job insecurity that only the poor can afford. The Sister who directs the program told me: "I cannot hire, even with money, a replacement until there's some clear ongoing job here for a director to fill. During the months or year required for the bureaucratic machinery to determine the future of this place, we can insure that someone will be here to care for pressing needs." These nuns

live outside an institution but with a sophisticated awareness that they need to work with large-scale institutions to implement their experimental plans. They have been released from the regular work of their own orders to meet the world community on the terms suggested by Malcolm Boyd: where and as it is.

Those who fear that increased activity in secular spheres by religious may extinguish their witness overlook the possibility that the current service roles played by religious are deeply embedded in institutions that are distinguished from their secular counterparts only by an increasingly ecumenical Catholicism. Institutions are so firmly entrenched in this world that they are by definition an obstacle to transcendent witness. If witness is the defining function of religious communities, the question arises whether religious might not dispense with owning institutions and rely on the apostolate of witness by performing their service works in secular schools and hospitals.

Last year in Copenhagen I met a Dutch Trappist on his way to a small island off the Swedish coast where he and five other monks would work for salaries in a print shop and on a farm. Both farm and shop were under secular ownership and management. Significantly the monks hoped to gain more freedom for contemplation which they felt was severely harmed by the demands of their large monastic farm. In California six IHM's have closed their community-owned hospital to take positions in a county hospital where they work at administrative, nursing and aide levels. This immersion of entire religious communities in a secular situation seems well calculated to free the witness of responsible obedience. A world that has seen a mass escape from freedom into totalitarianism might well benefit by viewing in a work situation a whole-hearted response that proceeds from deeply shared Gospel-based principles of charity and social justice. A second benefit might be that religious who need not tread softly to protect their own institutions can more easily protest structured evil when the rights of human beings are threatened.

Among the most encouraging aspects of the experiments described here are the types of nun involved in them. They come from the larger, older congregations which staff hospitals and parochial schools and, without abandoning their traditional work, they have enlarged their vision of its possibilities. Their activities are paradigms for liberating religious witness. If the paradigms have any predictive power, they indicate that congregations will increasingly encourage small mobile communities to respond to the needs of the moment in the spirit of the pilgrim people of God.

The task of communicating a *de facto* witness to transcendence through visible media could generate an activity detrimental to transcendent witness insofar as such work makes sense without faith. This consideration clarifies the role of the vow of chastity. In the past psy-

chologists have made the ability to enjoy satisfying sexual relations the criterial index of maturity, but today human fulfillment is defined as concern for the other. Religious whose vow of chastity frees them for the service of suffering human beings wherever their need is greatest can witness to this kind of maturity. But this justification is insufficient. The fact that social groups are kept separate by rules that forbid eating together and intermarriage explains why chastity provides an abiding witness to transcendence that distinguishes religious service from secular humanism. But to renounce marriage by a public vow is such an overwhelming declaration of apartness that further legislation that hinders other ways of being together creates a total apartness that prevents the transcendent witness of chastity from impinging on immanence. Isolation in a closed system presents an image of a fugitive and cloistered virtue, a medium that says you can only be holy apart from the world.

I return as I promised to the image of the nunny-bunny. People will understandably create a myth to explain away the unfathomable mystery of vows by suggesting that something is naturally wrong with religious: they are hypocrites (image of the nunnery as brothel); or naive little girls who have never grown up (the bunny image). These terms place religious outside the social order, as outcasts or as children not yet initiated into it. Religious cannot afford to give natural explanation any quarter; their response must be to undercut it by a lived denial of it. When convents had disappeared from their civilized world, Jacobean Englishmen could subscribe to myths of nunneries as houses of prostitution; and today nuns can be seen as naive because they have operated within total institutions. But if religious were publicly visible and obviously chaste, building a kingdom here and now while clearly witnessing to a kingdom yet to come, there would be no easy natural explanation for their existence. Religious life would be an absurd response to the absurdity of existence; it would make no sense without faith. Ay, there's the rub: what dreams may come. The medium is absurd.

VINTAGE BROADWAY



THE STAGE

Some shows are so awful they're fascinating—afterwards anyway. But they are beyond criticism. Broadway largely is. And the two appalling shows I have to talk about now, "Illya Darling" and "Hallelujah Baby," are nothing if not definitive Broadway. Specifically *musical* Broadway—that strange, faggy, jittery, nervous, self-doubting and quite sealed-off world that bursts gaily out at us every once in a while in a desperate effort at contact with

the Outside. And as you sit in the theater and watch the performers working at all that enforced "gaiety"—stomping and twittering and leaping about in such palpably doomed causes as these evenings usually are—you get the feeling that it's not just that the contact baffles and eludes them, through lack of skill or intelligence, but that the Outside itself—the world beyond the theater—bores and repels them. But having to deal with it in some form is a hard necessity. After all that's where the audiences come from—more or less. And to win the approval of an audience, you know they will do almost anything. Certainly the stars of these two shows will—Leslie Uggams and Melina Mercouri.

First of all, they look right at us all evening—and they smile, smile, smile. Miss Mercouri's smile is fairly dazzling—at least till attrition sets in—a thing of beauty, as well she knows. She displays it, parades it—does everything in fact but show it to us standing on her head or framed by her fingers—with a relentlessness and pride that is almost (but not quite) impersonal. Miss Uggams' smile is similarly broad and brilliant, but presents other problems besides monotony. It's as if the energy and will that produce the grin also snap the wire that pulls the whole face together into coherent expression. Giving her a slightly deranged look—except that the effect is not that specific. Her performance as a whole presents this kind of problem. During a song, for example, you let your eyes drift from her grin and notice suddenly and with a start that her body is trembling. With emotion presumably. But *what* emotion? The grin, still brightly in place, offers no clue.

For Miss Uggams is in every way a non-specific performer. When anything besides glamor, energy, and a loud, pleasant singing voice is called for by a song or a moment, she is really not there at all. She is meant, in a show like this one—for and about a star—to perform her personality, but there is no evidence of anything much to perform. She is in a way a kind of ultimate in Broadway stars, and a precise reflection of the show she is appearing in: there is almost nothing about her that suggests she has ever been outside a theater or TV studio—ever been permitted to talk to anyone but producers, MC's or other performers. What she does display is great dedication. And that is sometimes very uncomfortable to watch. At least she is not required to be as girlish as Miss Mercouri is—but then she is younger. That *particular* humiliation still lies ahead of her. That she will come to it I have no doubt—if she sticks with the people whose tastes are represented by "Hallelujah Baby."

Miss Uggams' deficiency is inadvertently highlighted by another performer in the same show, Lillian Hayman, who plays the heroine's mother, something of a Negro Mammy figure. The script is always apologizing for her presence. There is some muttering talk about the Negro matriarch. And Miss Hayman herself, even when she is decked out like Aunt Jemima, sounds her '-ing' word-end-

ings fully and firmly. The character *is* a stereotype—but still an honorable and reasonably accurate one. And Miss Hayman really plays the cliché, with just the right mixture of energy and detachment—not only with great apparent skill but with a kind of self-respecting irony. And when she gets a chance to “do” a song (a fine one called “I Don’t Know Where She Got It”) she rightly brings the house down: she is wonderful, and in a large human way that eludes the star.

Miss Mercouri’s problems are different. Unlike Miss Uggams, she *is* a star—though not in my opinion a very interesting one. There is no question of her ability to take over a stage and make herself the center of it. You do feel compelled to watch her, however unrewarding it may finally turn out to be to have done so. And she is highly “specific”—Greek-specific, though there is none of that complication of attitude toward the stereotype that makes Miss Hayman’s performance interesting. Mostly what she plays and is meant to be is adorable—as the title suggests (and the title song—which goes “Illya darling, darling Illya . . .” etc.). And there is nothing to suggest that she ever has a moment’s doubt about it. Also sexy and maternal. Though she seems somewhat more attracted by the little girl aspects of her role than the sexy grown-up’s. She is even equipped with a cute euphemism for sexual intercourse: she calls it “making ticky-ticky” (the verb form). I confess all this surprised me a little. From Miss Mercouri’s movie appearances—and considering the husky voice, the fierce eyes, the broad shoulders—I was expecting something generally more Dietrich-like. What I saw instead was, God knows, grotesque enough—but not entirely inexplicable. Because after the burden of the first act is past and Miss Mercouri can relax a bit, it is possible to see in her face something quite open and vulnerable, even passively feminine. She *could* be interesting. But in the end she is no more so than Miss Uggams, and she is in addition a good deal more embarrassing.

The show, “Illya Darling” (*at the Mark Hellinger*) is entirely the creature of Jules Dassin—he wrote and directed both the play and the film, “Never on Sunday.” I guess everyone knows by now that the film is better than the play. Though not, I think, much better. It’s true the play is generally incompetent where the movie was not. And the stage version doesn’t have the actual town of Piraeus—instead some unattractive sets by Oliver Smith. Also the most effective scene in the film—the one where Miss Mercouri overcomes the temporary impotence of a young sailor—is now transposed to fit a clumsy and ludicrous song, called (with total accuracy) “Love, Love, Love.” And Miss Mercouri’s accent in throaty quavering song turns out to be comic in a way that works against the romantic-cum-philosophical effects. “Do you know what mins (i.e., means) Piraeus?” she inquires in her opening number. “We hahf Love,” she croons tenderly to the

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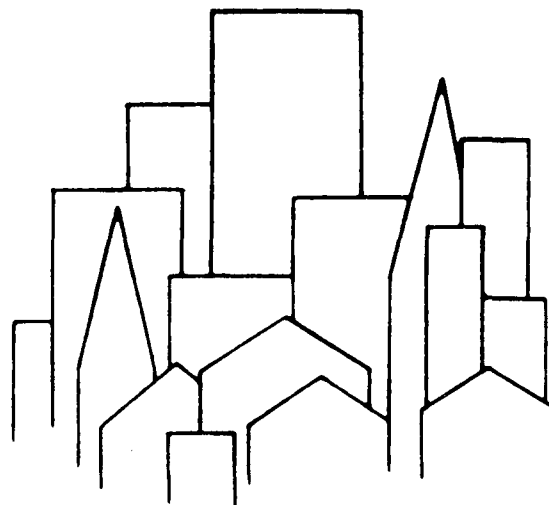
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young sailor. "To turn away you must noddoo" she sings, as he turns away—"because Gud (i.e, God) did not min it so." Also there are moments that belong purely to Broadway—that capture a certain kind of Broadway sensibility with real nightmare fidelity. For example, the production number where a mass of sailors on leave arrive to find the town whores taunting them with a strike. "We've been twenty-one weeks at sea!" sing the male dancers as they pace about the stage. "We're clean-cut red-blooded, normal healthy boys!" they shout piercingly, stomping in unison at the footlights and turning on their heels. While above them, in the whore house windows, the garishly unattractive girls roll their eyes and spread their legs raunchily. (Miss Mercouri, although playing a whore, is excused from this scene.)

But in every other way Mr. Dassin has been perfectly faithful to his film. It's the success and persistence of the whole "Never on Sunday" story that puzzles me—particularly its success with so many intelligent and literate people. Because, fanciful and vulgarized as it is, its themes and concerns are very like some of the higher literary culture's—Mr. Dassin's fable does reflect some abiding concerns of that culture—mainly the whole theme of spontaneity, particularly of a sexual kind, versus Puritanical repression. That Mr. Dassin's weird version of this conflict should be so hugely and enthusiastically accepted by the kind of people who fill "art" cinemas suggests to me that the theme itself represents an area where all *real* thought and feeling may have widely and largely stopped.

As for the weirdness of the fable itself, one episode stands out. Illya, the simple prostitute, goes regularly, we learn, to the Greek tragedies, but is so far from able to bear their revelation of pain and suffering that she changes the stories to happy ones in her own mind. That is, she goes repeatedly, and just as repeatedly she hallucinates for approximately half the performance: she never hears or sees anything that suggests to her she may have got it wrong. Now this is presented as wildly cute and endearing—in fact it is a kind of high point of *all* the cuteness. And though I know it's just a heartwarming joke, it has for me disturbing unintended echoes—of Mr. Dassin's way of seeing Greek waterfront life, and particularly of Miss Mercouri's way of seeing herself when she is on stage. For Miss Mercouri, an appealing and beautiful woman, has nevertheless—as much as almost anyone else I can think of—actress with a capital A written all over her. The fact that she and her personality should be the center of this particular fantasy about the life of Healthy Instincts—that this dramatically actressy woman should be so persistently offered to us as a kind of Earth Mother figure—is the perfect and definitive tip-off to Mr. Dassin's real grasp of such things. It tells us a lot not only about his distance from the "earth" but more importantly about his ways of making up for it. A lot in short about the theatrical sensibility—of which I take him to be a fair representative, though not a very gifted one.

Almost equally odd and suggestive, and equally faithful to the film, is Mr. Dassin's idea of a New England Academic, the character called Homer Thrace. He is of course celibate and repressed. Fair enough—in a way. But beyond this the inaccuracy becomes breathtaking. As an American Intellectual, this character is required to go about preaching the strictest sexual morality (what else?) to happy Greeks and groups of skeptical chorus boys. And as a Scholar, he is required to leap up in horror when Illya suggests in her earthy way that some of those ancient Greek philosophers he admires might have been—well, “funny,” since they didn't like women. “The ancient Greeks!” he cries, stunned and incredulous at such dirty talk. Well, he's a lot of laughs. And we all recognize him—though I don't know from where besides movies like “Never on Sunday.” What's more, Mr. Dassin absolutely never passes an opportunity, however crude, to invite us to feel superior to this Figure. On the grounds, presumably, that we are all so much keener about—you know, making ticky-ticky, than Homer Thrace is. And of course almost all of us are, thank God. But on the *other* hand, movies and plays have been congratulating us so loudly and so long now on our libidos that I for one am beginning to feel a little nervous about it.

In the musical Orson Bean plays this representative of American Innocence—a boy scout, as Illya calls him (to audience laughter)—in a broad and frantic style. But at least it's a happier piece of casting than before: in the film Mr. Dassin himself played the part—wearing, as I recall, a memorably furtive look. (That Same Look by the way—darting eyes and all—turns up like Fate itself on yet another face in the stage version—the one belonging to the romantic male lead, Nikos Kourkolos. I think it's trying to Tell Us Something.)

The absurdities of “Hallelujah Baby”—with a book by the indomitable Arthur Laurents—cut closer to immediate realities. Some very ugly and very much present realities in fact—generally, the position of the Negro in America. As a result, the self-enclosed, self-referring quality of the theatrical sensibility is even more strikingly on display here than it is in “Illya Darling.” It's a “civil rights show” and a “tribute” to the progress of the Negro American.

The focal point of this progress—as Broadway characteristically perceives such things—is of course a cafe singer. A role which requires Leslie Uggams to impersonate a Negro. Though half-heartedly. (Even when she appears as a turn-of-the-century kitchen slavey, her eyes are dramatically framed in blue-white eye shadow.) The play covers sixty years, during which none of the principal characters (Miss Uggams and Robert Hooks are the Negro figures, and Allen Case represents white show business through the decades) is meant to age. This fantasy device gives historical perspective and enables Miss Uggams to confront—rather pettishly—a number

of Social Problems. Even Communism (1930)—when her boy friend Mr. Hooks joins the Party. He does so of course against her wishes (“Oh those foolish Comrades!” she exclaims). But he comes to his senses and finally sees (1940) what in fact we all could have told him—that the Reds are only Out For Themselves, after all. Like everybody else really. Everybody except large-hearted theater people—who have tended to deplore intolerance for decades now. Take Mr. Case as a sample: *he* lets Negroes into his elegant supper club—yes and in *spite* of his maitre d's attitude (a production number called “Limbo Dance”). And he wouldn't have fired Miss Uggams from his touring stock show either, if it hadn't been for those goddam *audiences*—practically demanding it. To him Miss Uggams is a person like any other (1910 onwards). Kinda cute too in fact (1930). So (1950) he kisses her. But he is not quite ready yet. His apogee (c. 1960) comes when he can transpose the whole conflict into a musical comedy cliché: she's smart, she's beautiful, she's tender—Mr. Case informs us in song—“the only trouble is”—slight pause—“she's Not Mine. . .” (It's awful to think what an orgy of self-congratulation must have gone into *this* moment—among the gang backstage.) And indeed she's *not* his. It seems that word has somehow gotten past the stage-door and reached even Mr. Laurents about the New Militancy of the Negro. So she ends up belonging to Mr. Hooks, and to some vague idea of racial pride and autonomy. Not that Miss Uggams really understands what it's all about, any more than Mr. Laurents does. But she has certainly known discrimination. Take that terrible moment in Georgia or someplace (1930), when they made her white suitor go to the *front* of the bus. Or that night (1950) when her Park Avenue friends mistook her mother for a maid. (This moment was confusing to me, because her mother *is* in fact a maid—but it's possible I missed something.) So Miss Uggams quite naturally in the end opts for Mr. Hooks' militancy. But in case we might think this means she won't like us any more, she steps forward to reassure us. Even though she is going away now—a little huffily, it's true—she'll be back soon. All this seeming anger about whites is just another *phase* really, painful and necessary perhaps, but as friendly *essentially* as all the others have been. Following this, the dancers come out in mini-skirts etc. and do a big rock-'n-roll number (entitled in the program “Now Is the Time!”), that certainly *looks* apocalyptic but is meant to be cheering. Then they all line up, link arms and advance in a march-step toward the footlights—chanting “Now! Now!” as they come. For a moment it seems rather threatening. But there in the center of them all is Miss Uggams again—and we see that she is—yes, sort of smiling at us. In fact they are *all* sort of smiling at us—and the curtain comes down.

The only proper response to all this, it seems to me, would be a riot in the theater (*the Martin Beck*).

JAMES HARVEY

BOOKS

Proud, nostalgic and somewhat lonely

The Abraham Lincoln Brigade

ARTHUR H. LANDIS

Citadel, \$10

GABRIEL JACKSON

During the Spanish Civil War some 3,000 Americans fought in the International Brigades. Arriving somewhat later than their European counterparts, and with less previous military training, they played little part in the initial defense of Madrid. But from the Battle of the Jarama, in February, 1937 to the Battle of the Ebro, in the summer of 1938, they participated in all the important actions of the war.

They came as volunteers in the worldwide cause of anti-fascism. Most of them were strongly committed to some liberal or left form of ideology. They felt that capitalism had completely failed to solve the problems of depression and social injustice (there were still millions of unemployed in 1937, despite three years of the New Deal). They sympathized in greater or lesser degree with the Soviet Union, with collectivist experiments in Republican Spain, and with the Popular Front governments elected in France and Spain.

Travelling from their American homes by Greyhound bus, crossing the Atlantic by ship, descending through France by train and then crossing the Pyrenees on foot or making the dangerous sea journey from Marseilles to Catalonia, they felt at every step the sympathy of the people, and the embarrassment or outright opposition of the American and French governments. In Spain itself they fell in love with the courage, the generosity, and the dignity of the Spanish people. Despite factional disputes within the Brigades, shortages of material, costly errors in strategy, and the like, they felt themselves thoroughly integrated into their role as frontline defenders of international democracy against international fascism.

They never doubted but that the Spanish Civil War was the opening battle of a worldwide struggle to defeat fascism. Their faith in the future was based on the vision of close cooperation between the Soviet Union and the democratic West. Fascism, not democracy, triumphed in the Spanish War, but the alliances of World War II and the formation of the United Nations seemed to confirm the broader faith of the Lincoln Brigaders. The ensuing twenty years of Cold War, however, deeply frustrated their hopes. Some decided that perhaps they had been too "idealistic" or "naive" in the thirties. Most of them felt like lost souls during the prosperous, apolitical, and sometimes reactionary fifties. Many, seeing the recent film "To Die in Madrid," reflected in anger and despair that the United States is playing today in Vietnam the role which Italy and Germany played in Spain thirty years ago.

The present book is a sober, factual, detailed history of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Landis names everyone for whom he has definite information, quotes at length from letters and taped interviews, compares dispassionately the varying judgments of such key personalities as Joe Dallet and Bob Merriman. He describes the motives for which men enlisted, the routes by which they arrived, the physical geography and the logistic elements of each battle in which the Lincolns participated, the military results achieved, and the casualties sustained. The concentration on detail detracts from the narrative power of the book, and it will be read principally as a reference work, a careful and accurate "Who's Who" of the Americans who fought for Republican Spain.

To this reviewer the book is especially interesting for the multiple perspectives in which a great historical event may be seen. Landis' constant references to "fascist" maps and troops, his assumption that Franco was working "for his German masters," are just as much an

oversimplified distortion of the Nationalist cause as are the clichés about Communist domination of the Republican zone. But for the veterans of the Lincoln Brigade the nuances of Spanish domestic politics are not the principal "truth" of the Spanish Civil War. Like the volunteers of 1776, of 1793 and 1848, like the thousand "Red Shirts" of Garibaldi, and the defenders of the Paris Commune of 1871, they belong to that minority of idealistic and self-effacing men who are ready to put their lives on the line in the never-ending struggle for human liberty.

Like such men in the past, they have oversimplified, and perhaps wrongly estimated, the historical forces at work in their lifetimes. Also like such men in the past, they have been left high and dry by the very masses whose cause they espoused. Hence the proud, nostalgic, and somewhat lonely tone of these pages. Only in rare circumstances, and for brief periods, can most human beings live with a total moral and political commitment. The Spanish Civil War, on both sides, and for both Spaniards and foreigners, was such an occasion. Landis' book is a fine testimonial of the commitment made by 3,000 American volunteers to the cause of human liberty as embodied in the Spanish Republic during the years 1936-39.

Witness To A Generation

EDIT. WAYNE H. COWAN

Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.95

RICHARD HORCHLER

Witness To A Generation is just the right title for this book. No mere "reader," patched together from the quarter-century of issues of *Christianity and Crisis*, it adds up to a testament of and about Christian witness in our times.

The bi-weekly *Christianity and Crisis* was launched in 1941, by a small group of Protestants led by Reinhold Niebuhr, to present some ideas on "what Christi-

anity is and what it demands." The crisis which Niebuhr and the others were responding to was the possibility, even likelihood, it seemed at the time, of Nazi victory in Europe. In the face of that horror—with the Netherlands and Belgium swallowed up, the British driven from the Continent, France fallen, the Balkans overrun—Americans were debating what if anything these events meant to them. Avowedly Christian voices, particularly among the Protestant clergy to whom *Christianity and Crisis* was primarily addressed, were to be heard mostly on behalf of "peace" and in condemnation of both war and those who wage it. In their effect on public attitudes, these voices were indistinguishable from those of people like Senator Wheeler, Colonel Lindbergh and the leaders of the American First Committee.

Christianity and Crisis sought to persuade its readers that while sin and failure mark all of man's works, the Christian who believes this is not thereby justified in turning his back on the world, is not relieved from the obligation to labor in the world for whatever degrees of justice can be achieved, is not exempt from the necessity to choose among whatever alternatives are possible. This "Niebuhrian realism" was applied first and most notably to the problem of the Christian's responsibility to oppose Hitlerism, but over the years it has become the trademark of the *Christianity and Crisis* approach to all moral issues. Other editors and writers have had their own contributions to make in its pages, of course, but even where their ideas have been new and divergent from Niebuhr's, they showed their debt to him—like the generation as a whole—in their sensitivity to the complexities and contradictions in human affairs, the taint of evil and self-deception in all that men do, and yet the imperative to work for the better against the worse in human society, insofar as it can be perceived.

What has been complained of recently by some of *C and C's* critics—that a journal founded to combat Christian pacifism and utopianism in regard to the war against Hitler should now be among the doves in the debate on the Vietnam war—is in these terms not at all inconsistent. Last year, in an editorial titled "From



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Supporter of War in 1941 to Critic in 1966," which is included in this volume, John C. Bennett addressed himself to just this question. "*Christianity and Crisis* has not come to share the religious and ethical assumptions of Christian pacifism; we still recognize the necessity for the military ingredient in national power and the moral obligation to use power at times to check power," he wrote. Then in characteristic Niebuhrian fashion—or rather Bennett fashion, since he has for many years been a leader himself in the development of Protestant thought on social issues—he cited the existential circumstances, the distinctions, the practical consequences of alternate policies that have led him and the other members of the *C and C* editorial board to press for a negotiated end to the fighting in Vietnam. Whether one agrees with the conclusion or not, this is nonetheless the "Christian realism" the magazine has always advocated.

The stands this "Christian realism" has led to over the past two and a half decades—against isolationism; questioning the obliteration bombing of the Second World War, the treatment of Japanese citizens by our government and the insistence on "unconditional surrender"; opposition to McCarthy and McCarthyism; calling for new Protestant attitudes towards Catholicism (not least in relation to the can-

didacy of John F. Kennedy); urging participation in the civil rights movement and the war on poverty—these judgments and commitments put *Christianity and Crisis* high on any list of informed, humane and principled commentators on American public life, and make it unique in Protestant journalism. In addition to its engagement with these social-political issues—"crises," perhaps—*Christianity and Crisis* has also tried to advance an understanding of what our civilization is doing in its art and culture at large, and to spell out a valid Christian reaction and contribution to the process.

Some of the pleasure and profit in this book—for me, at least—has been in reading again many well-remembered articles: Niebuhr, John Bennett, Roger Shinn, Harvey Cox's now-famous dissection of *Playboy*, the wise humor of Robert McAfee Brown's Saint Heriticus, Howard Moody on obscenity. But there has been pleasure and profit also in writings previously unread or perhaps forgotten: a penetrating and deeply moving message from Alan Paton, for instance, dated 1965, or reflections by Adlai Stevenson, dated 1960. Wayne H. Cowan, managing editor of *Christianity and Crisis*, incidentally merits commendation not only for his own contributions to the volume but for a job of editing which groups articles in natural, developing sections

and makes this truly a book rather than the collection of oddments it might have been.

Witness To A Generation can be recommended to anyone interested in history, politics, foreign affairs, popular culture, Christian ethics, religious journalism. (Does that cover all of us?) Catholics in particular, struggling now with their *aggiornamento* and the effort to discover a new relevance for their faith, might be strengthened and instructed by the similar efforts of the editors and contributors to *Christianity and Crisis*. A little Niebuhrian "pessimism" might help them over the disappointments and frustrations attendant on the discovery that Vatican II hasn't solved all the problems of Catholicism. And the record here of twenty-five years of Christian effort may inspire them to press on with the struggle despite that fact.

In his preface to *Witness To A Generation*, Herbert Butterfield considers the question whether in today's world there is anything particularly relevant or helpful which Christians can say or do. If there is, it can be seen in the pages of this book.

Babi Yar

ANATOLY KUZNETSOV

Dial, \$5.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

Babi Yar, "old wives' gully," was a ravine on the outskirts of Kiev, in the Ukraine where, between 1941 and 1943, the Germans killed 200,000 people, one quarter of them Jews. Anatoly Kuznetsov was twelve in 1941. He lived near Babi Yar, used to dam the little stream that ran through it and play there with his friends, one of whom, Shurka Matsa, was half-Jewish. He has written down exactly what he saw, felt and endured during the two years of the German occupation. "A very small gnat" he calls the boy he then was, and admits that "there was a great deal that boy did not see, and even more he did not understand."

He saw amazingly much, and has supplemented his recollections with the relevant documents such as the printed orders of the German commandant, the prices

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of food and public announcements. He insists that nothing is fiction in his book. "It all really happened. Everything I am telling here actually happened to real-life people, and there is not the slightest literary invention in this book." It is a documentary, far more terrible than *In Cold Blood*, but not unsimilar. In Truman Capote's book two men are responsible for four deaths. In Anatoly Kuznetsov's, the occupying troops killed every third person living in Kiev. Including those who died from hunger and the deported who never returned from Germany, the Kiev population was halved between 1941 and 1943.

Voltaire refused to believe Tacitus' reports, especially on Tiberius, because "they do too much dishonor to human nature." For this same reason, it is difficult to believe Kuznetsov. As he admits himself: "the really good people who come after us will find it hard to understand how the very idea of murder—mass murder—could take root in the dark recesses and convolutions of the brain of an ordinary human being; one born of a mother, fed at the breast, educated in school." Many of those whom he describes—the commandant, the men in charge of Babi Yar, and all those who executed their orders, the few citizens of Kiev who acted as informers (the Germans hoped to win the local population, many of whom were of ethnically German origin), the black marketeers—are in the Tiberius class.

Yet, on the other hand, so many others behaved more than "passing well" under intolerable conditions, that the reader is as much amazed at the endurance, resilience and the moral stamina of some as at the degradation and collapse of others. The brilliant British film *The War Game*, based on evidence from Dresden and Hiroshima, recently showed the process of decline and fall among civilians under nuclear bombing. People first obey orders, accept rationing, even assist the authorities. After two days of continuous bombing, everyone steals, many police are shot by the hungry, and everyone tramples his neighbors' children in attempts to save his own. Kuznetsov shows, on the contrary, the decent retaining their standards: hiding Jews at

their own life's risk, helping prisoners escape, contacting partisans, feeding others' children. While the nasty get progressively more vile, the in-betweens vary: some turn to heroes, others to swine.

Babi Yar, always close to the children and to their elders, is the focus both of the suffering and of the resistance. For the Russian people never gave up. Hardly were the Germans installed, when partisans blew up the whole center of Kiev; almost daily, acts of sabotage occurred, and many were accompanied by the message "For Babi Yar." Daily, young Anatoly and his comrades heard the machine-guns firing at Babi Yar and prisoners being driven there. First the Jews, then gypsies, partisans, hostages (every fifth man, picked at random), prisoners of war, and even the Dynamo football team (because they had beaten the German team). Finally, too, the girls from the night clubs, the sick from the hospitals, and anyone who knew too much.

The procedure at Babi Yar was simple. Everyone was stripped, lined up in front of pits, closely packed behind each other, so one bullet could kill many. The bodies were stacked, covered with a fresh layer of sand or earth. Many of those shot were still alive, and one managed to crawl away, and is a well-known Soviet actress today. Some prisoners were shot with dum-dum bullets so their brains flew into the faces of the next in line. Before they left, the Germans forced Kiev citizens to dig up the dead and burn them. These forced laborers too were shot. But ashes remained, and bones, and a few survivors. One was Auntie Masha, who tended the cemetery overlooking Babi Yar, and was herself overlooked by the Germans. "How they screamed" she recalls "the prisoners! And they were finished off with shovels, hit and hit."

In his most central chapter, Kuznetsov describes the first time he himself killed, and gives, perhaps, an explanation of how one becomes a killer. He was always hungry. "Grandmother washed potato peels and put them through a grater to make patties. . . . We combed the garden on the square and gathered half a sackful of horse chestnuts . . . they are acrid and bitter, but if you dry and roast them

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they are all right." He would crawl through vacant houses, groveling for a crust, or sell matches singly all day to buy a mouthful of ersatz bread. One day he went fishing in the Dnieper, with a rusty hook, and caught a lovely perch, with green stripes and big red fins. It wouldn't die, but "continued to stare at me with its dirt-covered, mindless fishy eyes. . . . I jabbed harder, pierced its head with the twig, and finally the fish lay still. . . . I held in my hands the pitiful, stinking shreds of fish, and I knew that I'd never be able to eat them after all this, no matter how hungry I was. I was just beginning to get acquainted with life. Later I killed many animals. . . . But that came later." Later, too, he stole guns and hand-grenades, hating the Germans so much he wished to kill every one, so that afterward not one fascist would be left alive.

Yet his book is not tragic, but rather a triumphant, tremendous affirmation of life. Anatoly, like Falstaff explaining to Henry V why he had missed Agincourt, is "for life." So are his mean grandfather

who tried to club his neighbor's chickens; his saintly grandmother who helped rid the neighbors of tapeworms; his school-teacher mother; Titus, the old, "very earnest and important" family cat, and Anatoly's friends, especially Bolik, who fought for seven months on the Finnish front and returned home to die, and Vovka, who hated Anatoly because the latter set his caged birds free, and sold him a nut that proved moldy. Vovka is still alive, blinded, deaf, and minus an arm from a land mine. Anatoly and he are friends now.

This magically told, seemingly artless book doubles as an enchanting Russian *Huckleberry Finn* for our day and Anatoly himself, escaping death twenty times, hugging Titus while reading Pushkin in the loft, waiting for his mother to finish cooking for the Germans and save him a bit, as engaging a 12-year-old as ever there was. "Life is the dearest thing we have" he concludes. Almost as dear is the power to see it is so, and then to say it so that others may come to understand.

The Limits of American Capitalism

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

Harper & Row, \$4.95

WILLIAM B. GOULD

The "limits" of American capitalism, according to Robert L. Heilbroner, constitute the "boundaries" which fence out economic and social policies directed toward displacement of the "given social order." By the same token, those "limits" imply a panoply of governmental efforts to deal with existing inequities, efforts which fall short of a "final infringement" of the system itself. Although the exact line of an infringement cannot be precisely determined, Professor Heilbroner persuasively contends that big business retains its role of final arbiter:

"Were the big business elite tomorrow to change its ideas and to endorse measures of social and economic reform with all the editorial and other influence that it possesses, I think few would deny that the political center of the country

would probably move sharply and quickly to the left. To put it differently, one function of an existing ideology is to draw the line for what is discussable and what is not, for what kinds of ideas are to be taken seriously and what kinds simply laughed out of court."

All of the industrially advanced Western nations—even recalcitrant America—have adopted far-reaching measures in the areas of social welfare, health and education. The leftward movement of the American business community is evidenced by the wholehearted endorsement that it gave to the Johnson Administration in the 1964 election. Despite the encouragement which the Goldwater candidacy added to this support and the rather tentative (and therefore acceptable) presidential gestures made toward the abolition of poverty, a perceptible trend can be seen. What has produced the shift from a more swash-buckling, profit-oriented corporate attitude? The reasons, of course, have been asked and answered already; but *The Limits of American Capitalism* sheds new light on the subject and focusses on implications for the next generation.

Professor Heilbroner points out that the large corporations have declined in relation to the national income because of the growth of the service sector of the economy. He observes that the growth of major corporations is slower than in the 1920's and dismisses the role of anti-trust legislation as a significant factor. On the other hand, the new



REVIEWS

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WILLIAM B. GOULD, a member of the Michigan bar, has served as an attorney-adviser in the labor relations field.

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"rules of the game" or standard of ethics that exists between the giant corporations cannot be so easily dismissed as a cause. Professor Heilbroner graphically emphasizes this new standard by alluding to the power of General Motors to eliminate American Motors or perhaps even Chrysler through a price-cutting war and the unthinkability of such conduct.

But if one is to inquire into the genesis of this unthinkability, it becomes important to gain information about the owners and managers of the larger corporate structures and the power that they exercise respectively. The literature dealing with the modern corporation notes the appearance of the sophisticated non-owner executive who takes into account social responsibility and public image as well as profit margins. Yet Professor Heilbroner wonders aloud about the manager's actual rule in light of the fact that 200 to 300 families own blocks of stock that control the 150 larger corporations. After all, very little is known about the extent of control by these families. The author concludes, however, that it is "probable that if management proves itself to be competent, the financial centers are content with a passive rule." This relationship then, if one may trust what is admittedly speculation, is no unimportant consideration in determining why GM does not immediately swallow up a company like American Motors through use of rough tactics.

Once it becomes possible to conclude that such standards of conduct reflect an institutional change and that this change brings with it a leftward movement on the part of the business leadership, one returns to the theme of this fascinating book: "the limits" or acceptability of reform that modern capitalism will find tolerable. Although Professor Heilbroner argues effectively that we simply lack the will to abolish poverty—in terms of the tax burden that the middle class will assume for such an objective—he does not appear ready to rule out the possibility of a more ambitious assault than the Great Society has thus far provided.

It is to a more distant future, how-

ever, that Heilbroner addresses himself when he envisages a diminished respect on the part of society for profits and privileges. In such a period, science and scientific technology will require public funds and public action. And it is the tendency of the science-oriented industries—"the nuclear and space establishments, electronics, the computerization of industry, the wonder drugs"—to "create social problems that require *non-market controls* to correct or forestall." All of this, according to the author, will weaken capitalism's limitations in dealing with social and economic questions which affect the public interest and, indeed, will severely erode capitalism as we understand it today. And it presumably will eliminate the absence felt by the intellectual community and college youth, the absence of any "transcendent secular goal [which now poses] an oppressive limitation to thought and spirit."

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 331)

each is really the choice of only one person. A truly collective choice would be better."

I do not know the definition of "today" as used by the correspondent. I would assume he would mean over a period of recent years.

In checking this particular subject, I find for a five year period, 1962-1966, the following information: 1 Archbishop and 16 Bishops appointed in the United States, for a total of 17, who had not been auxiliaries. In the same period of time there were 6 auxiliaries appointed Ordinaries and 3 auxiliaries selected to be apostolic administrators.

For the period of 1957-1966, I have the following information at hand: 1 Archbishop, 32 bishops and 2 coadjutor bishops (a total of 35) appointed who had not been auxiliaries. During those same years there were 7 auxiliaries appointed as ordinaries and 3 auxiliaries appointed as apostolic administrators.

MOST REV. FRANCIS P. LEIPZIG, D.D.

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